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Written by JOHN MACRAY.

Harvest-Home.

Composed by DR. IONS.

[London: J ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, & 35, Poultry; also in New York, at 389, Broadway.]

TREBLE. *mp* *Cheerfully.*

ALTO. *mp*

TENOR, (8ve. lower.) *mp*

BASS. *mp*

ACCOMP. *mp*

1st Ver. What gra - cious change sa - lutes the eyes! No lon - ger poor — no

1st Ver. What gra - cious change sa - lutes the eyes! No lon - ger poor — no

1st Ver. What gra - cious change sa - lutes the eyes! No lon - ger poor — no

1st Ver. What gra - cious change sa - lutes the eyes! No lon - ger poor — no

lon - ger chill; The fields are cloth'd in plen - ty's dyes, And grate - ful man with *dim.*

lon - ger chill; The fields are cloth'd in plen - ty's dyes, And grate - ful man with *dim.*

lon - ger chill; The fields are cloth'd in plen - ty's dyes, And grate - ful man with *dim.*

lon - ger chill; The fields are cloth'd in plen - ty's dyes, And grate - ful man with *dim.*

won - der thrill. A com - mon scene! for ev' - ry year All - bounteous Heav'n the

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HARVEST-HOME.

bless-ing show'rs; But now it prompts a warm-er tear, A full-er heart, for gifts like ours. O

bless - ing show'rs; But now it prompts a warm-er tear, A full - er heart, for gifts like ours. O

bless - ing show'rs; But now it prompts a warm-er tear, A full - er heart, for gifts like ours. O

bless - ing show'rs; But now it prompts a warm-er tear, A full - er heart, for gifts like ours. O

haste to the Har-vest-Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Haste to the Har-vest-

haste to the Har-vest-Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Haste to the Har-vest-

haste to the Har-vest-Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Haste to the Har-vest-

haste to the Har-vest-Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Haste to the Har-vest-

- Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Home. . . .

- Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, The Har-vest-Home.

- Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, The Har-vest-Home.

- Home, O haste to the Har-vest-Home, Home. . . .

HARVEST-HOME.

mp *Cheerfully.*

2nd Ver. War shakes the earth, and dims the air, Where Pon - tus sees death's
 3rd Ver. Sweet Peace! O may she soon be giv'n To all, - that Con - cord,

mp

2nd Ver. War shakes the earth, and dims the air. Where Pon - tus sees death's
 3rd Ver. Sweet Peace! O may she soon be giv'n To all, - that Con - cord,

mp

2nd Ver. War shakes the earth, and dims the air, Where Pon - tus sees death's
 3rd Ver. Sweet Peace! O may she soon be giv'n To all, - that Con - cord,

mp

2nd Ver. War shakes the earth, and dims the air, Where Pon - tus sees death's
 3rd Ver. Sweet Peace! O may she soon be giv'n To all, - that Con - cord,

mp

me - teors hurl'd; But here, at home, no can - nons glare, No le - gions storm our
 round the earth, With ho - ly hymns of praise to Heav'n, May crown our Har - vest -

dim.

me - teors hurl'd; But here, at home, no can - nons glare, No le - gions storm our
 round the earth, With ho - ly hymns of praise to Heav'n, May crown our Har - vest -

dim.

me - teors hurl'd; But here, at home, no can - nons glare, No le - gions storm our
 round the earth, With ho - ly hymns of praise to Heav'n, May crown our Har - vest -

dim.

me - teors hurl'd; But here, at home, no can - nons glare, No le - gions storm our
 round the earth, With ho - ly hymns of praise to Heav'n, May crown our Har - vest -

dim.

is - land world. The cup, the har - vest cup send round; 'Tis fill'd for thee, 'tis
 - - Home with mirth. Well pleas'd, the mas - ter counts his stores; In them he sees his

is - land world. The cup, the har - vest cup send round; 'Tis fill'd for thee, 'tis
 - - Home with mirth. Well pleas'd, the mas - ter counts his stores; In them he sees his

is - land world. The cup, the har - vest cup send round; 'Tis fill'd for thee, 'tis
 - - Home with mirth. Well pleas'd, the mas - ter counts his stores; In them he sees his

is - land world. The cup, the har - vest cup send round; 'Tis fill'd for thee, 'tis
 - - Home with mirth. Well pleas'd, the mas - ter counts his stores; In them he sees his

p

HARVEST-HOME.

fill'd for all; And then our song shall sweetest sound When young and old o - bey the call. O
 pow'r to give, When po - ver-ty or age implores A share to all that 'neath him live. O

fill'd for all; And then our song shall sweetest sound When young and old o - bey the call. O
 pow'r to give, When po - ver-ty or age implores A share to all that 'neath him live. O

fill'd for all; And then our song shall sweetest sound When young and old o - bey the call. O
 pow'r to give, When po - ver-ty or age implores A share to all that 'neath him live. O

fill'd for all; And then our song shall sweetest sound When young and old o - bey the call. O
 pow'r to give, When po - ver-ty or age implores A share to all that 'neath him live. O

haste to the Har - vest-Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, Haste to the 'Har - vest

haste to the Har - vest-Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, Haste to the Har - vest -

haste to the Har - vest-Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, Haste to the Har - vest -

haste to the Har - vest-Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, Haste to the Har - vest -

dim.

- Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home. . . . Home. . . .

dim.

- Home, O haste to the Har - vest Home, The Har - vest - - Home.

dim.

- Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, The Har - vest - - Home.

dim.

- Home, O haste to the Har - vest - Home, Home. . . .

dim.